

## River Sunrise

O, Father, the beauty of your world awakens desire that burns within me, breaking my heart and my thoughts. I cannot contain it. I cannot rest in it, so desperate am I to capture the wonder in words or in memory. But time is too short, and I am too small.

The light! It reveals beauty where a mere moment ago I saw none. And then it is gone. The beauty is veiled again, and I again see from the outside the rock or the leaf or the cloud that hides heaven within. O, to slow the dawn! To have even a few more minutes before the growing brightness hides again the truth!

I long to hold the beauty, to revel in it, to rest in it, and then, joy of joys, to bring something of it home to others so that we might marvel together. I cannot bear alone this weight of glory.

And yet it is my home. My heart was created for it. This I know. Though I am not yet solid enough to bear more than these sunrise glimpses, one day there will be no good-by.

*"And we are put on earth a little space/that we may learn to bear the beams of love. . . ." William Blake*

*"He has also set eternity in their heart. . . ." Eccles. 3:11*